

The Pocahontas Times

If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

Vol. 20 No. 51

\$1.00 a Year

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Prompt and careful attention given to all business placed in their hands.

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Office and residence opposite the Marlinton Hotel. All calls answered promptly.

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Physician and Surgeon,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All calls promptly answered
Office over Marlinton Drug Store.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist,
MONTEREY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas county at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. M. STOUT,
DENTIST,

Has located and is ready for business in the Bank of Marlinton, Marlinton, W. Va.

HENRY A. SLAVEN,
Practical Land Surveyor,
Meadow Dale, Virginia.

Maps and Blue Prints a specialty.
Pocahontas County sole

ON TO GRAFTON

Account of the First Campaign in the War
Between the States

THE LAST OF THE SERIES

Revised Muster of the Highlanders.
Some Supplementary Words by the
First Volunteer Chaplain, now in
Busy Retirement

The writer, hereby gratefully recognizes the kind offices of T. L. Williams for this additional list of Highland Volunteers. By this service the proposed brochure, "On to Grafton," will be made much more in keeping with the aims and expectations of the compiler, and the expectations of our friends.

Alexander, James
Benson, James
Bird, Calvin
Bird, J. W. (No. 2)
Curry, Amos C.
Chewning, John W.
Chewning, George W.
Chewning, Albert
Chewning, Charles
Chewning, No. 5
Chew, Jonas
Carroll, John
Carroll, Hamilton
Carroll, William
Davis, Andrew S. F.
Davis, James
Ervine, E. Veitch
Ervine, Henry
Ervine, Augustus
Gardner, James A.
Huff, J. F.
Hite, Erasmus
Hite, Horatio
Hiner, John W. No. 2
Hupman, Peter H.
Hupman, John W.
Hupman, John
Jones, H. H.
Kincaid, Warwick C.
Keister, Wm. R.
Leitch, James
Leitch, Sylvester
Leitch, John T.
Leitch, Colonel
Leitch, Robert
Leitch, Elijah
Lockridge, J. W.
Lockridge, A. T.
Lymar, W. R.
Lane, James
Manly, James
Markes, Andrew
McDaniel, Solomon
McDaniel, William
McKay, Joseph
McKay, Joshua
McKay, St. Clair
Malcomb, Wm. R.
Malcomb, Baxter
Malcomb, J. Morgan
McAllister, George A.
McAllister, Thomas S.
Oaks, J. Rufus
Pullin, H. M.
Pullin, H. B.
Pullin, J. W.
Pullin, J. H.
Patterson, S. Pruyne
Pence, Harvey
Propst, Jeremiah
Pullin, J. Morgan
Rowe, John W.
Rader, Richard
Ross, John A.
Stewart, Charles
Stewart, W. V. P.
Stewart, Henry
Stewart, J. M.
Stewart, James St. Clair
Stephenson, L. H.
Sheffer, John W.
Sheffer, David A.
Sheffer, George W.
Siron, John M.
Siron, Abel H.
Taylor, Emanuel
Williams, T. J.
Williams, M. L.
Wilson, Hezekiah
Wilson, John
Wilson, James A.

As a passing remark in reference to the much mooted question who won the much General B. F. Kelly, at Philippi, the writer finds that J. Frank Patterson and T. J. Williams are about positive that John W. Sheffer was the soldier who fired that memorable shot that has been heard of all around the civilized world. Frank Patterson distinctly remembers that Sheffer came to him jumping up and down like a young hunter who has just shot his first buck, and exclaimed: "Sergeant, I have done it!" "Done what?" "I popped that big fellow from his horse that was coming for us so savage," — or words to that effect.

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A friend of more than ordinary literary accomplishments has expressed keen regrets that the compiler of the foregoing diaries had not suppressed every thing saveing of resentment or bitterness of speech in the various addresses reported. The implication is that anything now done to embalm or perpetuate the animus of waziness of allegiance taken by the editor and his colleagues. Moreover it has been intimated that good taste would prompt the erasure of all such records with an unreadable blotting of regretfully patriotic tears.

The editor of "On to Grafton" respectfully dissents from all this, and that too from conscientiously patriotic principles. When the writers of these diaries took their oaths all this matter now published

was already on record, consequently the oath of allegiance could have no retroactive reference.

Then too it was understood as interpreted by the Federal officials themselves that the oath simply obligated those subscribing to obey the laws and never thereafter take up arms against the government. All this too without reference whatever to any change being required in the sentiments of the Confederates. Such might think and speak as they pleased so they obeyed the laws, let guns and swords alone, except in defense of the federal government.

Moreover had all such illusions been suppressed, the diaries would have lost the main reason why they should be highly valued by future historians, as they will most certainly be, unless there be other diaries to come out as well authenticated, these diaries with their simple annals will take precedence over even official reports in the estimation of future writers of history, when they come to rehearse the story of the first Confederate campaign by the provisional Virginia volunteers.

In thinking over the scenes and incidents recalled by the recently published diaries, the more clearly do we realize the omnipresence of God's ruling hand in all the events of life, causing us to appreciate more than ever Dr. Wm. Plummer's fitly spoken words on God's providential care.

Dr. Plummer's has been a reverend name with me from my earliest memories down to the present moment. While he was a student at Lewisburg preparing to the duties of his magnificent mission in life under the teachings of Dr. McElhenney, Dr. Plummer was my venerated mother's Sabbath-school teacher. As pastor of the Richmond 1st Presbyterian church he baptized the little child that is now Mrs. A. L. Price, and as editor of the "Watchman" of the South (now succeeded by the Central Presbyterian) the first religious editorials I ever read were written by him.

This is what Dr. Plummer testifies as to God's kindness to his humble, prayerful, confiding sons and daughters:

"Go among God's people and learn how goodly in many ways their lot has been. What good parents most of them have had; how wonderfully God has led them in many important steps of life; how pleasant have been their friends and their children. Even the little ones whom Jesus has early called to himself seem still to warm and nestle in the bosom of parental love. How many good books they have had to read; what kind and skillful physicians have attended them in sickness; when disease has come upon them, what good places they have had to be sick in; how infrequent and short their bodily infirmities commonly are. How seldom they suffered for the want of suitable food, or clothing, or shelter, or any necessary thing. How marked the hand of God in ordering the general tenor of their lives. Often have their feet well nigh slipped, but God has held them up. They have been in the midst of almost all evil, but it has not been allowed to sweep them away. How often has God hedged up their way with thorns, and made a wall that they could not find their paths." (Hosea 2, vi.)

As a matter of fact we did touch a good many rocks that day and sprung several leeks, besides portaging around a mill dam or two, but when we reached the splendid region of Droop Mountain, where the river cuts its way through that noble hill, our spirits instinctively were raised by the very grandeur of the scene. On its western face this mountain presents the anomalous of being in a fine state of cultivation on its brow, while the foot is clothed in virgin forest.

Four rapids are notable in the

annals of raftsmen, of the days

preceding the railway. The first,

known as the "Davy Run,"

tradition relates that a man by

the name of Davy was drowned here

sixty years ago, in attempting

to run the place on a small

raft. After reconnoitering, we got

through in a few minutes without

special difficulty, the lady choosing

to walk about by him.

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